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The Cold Massacre



dystopia

adventure

magic

52 3 4

Chapter 1 by Elisabeth Ford

The Cold Massacre.

A event that took place in New york on the 16th of June, 1998. It had been one of the countries, if not the worlds, largest disasters. Seven million bodies lay dead at the end. It wasn't just a blizzard or an earthquake though, that had claimed all those lives. It was one man, The Ice Mage. He was a person who wanted power and everyone who wasn't born with magic dead. Everyone thought he died in the Cold that night, along with all the other victims. Who could survive such a storm? A blizzard beyond compare. But he had, and now he planned to return and only one thing could stop him...

10 years later

"Hurry up birthday boy or you'll be late for school."His mom said banging on his door.

"I'm up.....i'm up."As Cyril sat up he rubbed his eyes.

He had that dream again.

Death everywhere. Destruction and pain was all he could see. People with special marks holding onto those who didn't, guarding them with all their might.

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He didn't think anything of it. When he told people they just thought he was crazy so he kept it to himself.

He got up and threw on a pair of jeans, and a grey sweatshirt.

he looked in the mirror before he left and there it was. A mark.

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A mark like the ones the people have in his dream.

Chapter 2 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)



He jumped back in shock, then slowly traced the tattoo with the fingers.

How had it gotten there? Magic, maybe? No one else knew what the symbol looked like. Maybe, Cyril had drawn it on himself in the middle of the night. That made more sense, right?

He pulled down the sleeves of his sweatshirt, hoping no one would notice.

But as soon as he pulled the gray fabric, the mark began to burn. Cyril cried out in pain, before he rolled back up his sleeve again, and the pain stopped immediately. He left his sleeves rolled up, for the mark would hurt him if he didn't. Cyril hoped his mother wouldn't yell at him, thinking it meant something bad in a different language.

Keeping his marked arm hidden under his desk, no one noticed his mark. But as the bell rang at 3:10 P.M, Cyril's principal called him down to the office.

Chapter 3 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)



"What do you have on your arm?"

"To be honest, Mr. Bruns, I don't know."

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

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